

A LEMON TREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY "OUIDA."

[Continued from yesterday.]

Some suggested this no man and the others that; some urged religious pilgrimages, some herbs, and some charms, and some spoke of a wise woman, who, if you crossed her hand with silver, could relieve you of any evil if she would. But amidst the multitude of counselors, Liza only grew thinner and thinner, paler and paler, all her youth seeming slowly to wane and die out of her.

Her little sick heart was set obstinately on what her father had told her was impossible.

None of Cecco's own people thought of going to the place where he had been. He was dead, and there was an end of it; even his mother, although she wept for him, did not dream of throwing away good money in a silly and useless journey to the place where he had been put in the ground. The child wasted and sickened visibly day by day. Her father looked to see the lemon tree waste and sicken also; but it flourished still, a green, fresh, happy thing, though growing in a place so poor. A superstitious, silly notion took possession of him, begotten by his nervous terrors for his child and by the mental weakness which came of physical want. He fancied the lemon tree hurt the child, and drew nourishment and strength away from her. Perhaps in the night, in some mysterious way, who knew how?

He grew stout and feverish, working so hard all day and night, that he could not sleep at night through his fears for Liza. Everything seemed to him cruel, wicked, unintelligible. Why had the State taken away the boy who was so contented and useful where he was? Why had the strange, confined, wearisome life among the marsh lands killed him? Why was he himself without even means to get decent food? Why, after he had lived all his years, could he have no peace? Must he even live the one little creature he had? The harshness and injustice of it all disturbed his brain and weighed upon his soul. He sank into a sullen silence; he was in the mood when good men turn bad and burn, pillage, slay—not because they are wicked or unkind by nature, but because they are mad from misery.

The neighbors were good-natured, and brought now an egg, now a fruit, now a loaf for Liza, but they could not bring her appetite, and were offended and chilled by her lassitude, her apparent ignorance of their good intentions, and her indifference to their gifts.

Only the little girl who had laughed at him and flouted him as they sat on the wall by the river, did think of it constantly, tentatively, silently. It seemed to her horrible to have him all alone in some unfamiliar, desolate place where no step was ever heard of anyone whom he had ever known, she said of it for the first time to her father, but he did not understand. But she brooded over the thought of it constantly, turning to and fro in her mind the little that she had ever known or heard of the manner or means by which people transported themselves from place to place. There were many, of course, in the village who could have told her how others traveled, but she was shy to speak of the matter, even to the old man of the ferry, in whose boat, when it was moored to a poula driven in the sand, she had spent many an hour of playtime. She had always kept a babbling, communicative, merry child, chattering like a starting bird, until now. Now she spoke rarely, and never of the thing of which her heart was full.

One day her father looked from her pinched, was face to the bright green leaves of the flourishing lemon tree, and muttered an oath.

"Day and night for so many years as you are old, I have taken care of that tree, and sheltered it and fed it; and now it alone is fair to see and strong, while you—verily, oh, verily, Liza, I could find it in my heart to take a billhook and have it down for its cruelty in being glad and full of vigor, while you pinch and fade, day by day, before my sight."

Liza shook her head, and looked at the tree which had been the companion of her fifteen years of life.

"It's a good tree, Babbo," she said, gently. "Think how much it has given us; how many things you bought me with the lemon money. Oh, it is very good, and I never say a word against it; but—but—if you are in anger with it, there is a thing which you might do. You have always kept the money which it brought for me."

"Surely, dear," he answered, where her thoughts were tending.

"Then, then, said Liza, timidly, "if it be as mine really, you see it no more with pleasure in its place, and I will sell it, and with the price of it take me where Cecco lies?"

Her eyes were intensely wistful, her cheeks momentarily red in her eagerness; she put both hands to her chest and stopped the cough which began to choke her words. Her father stared, incredulous that he could hear aught.

"Sell the tree?—asked, stupidly. Not in his uttermost needs had the idea of selling it come to him. He held it in a superstitious awe.

"Since you say it is mine," said the child, "I will sell it. It is very good, and I will buy a new tree, and you can take me down where the sun sets and the sea is—where Cecco lies in the grass."

"Good Lord!" said Fringuello, with a moan. It seemed to him that he had sold his last sweetest had turned the child's brain.

"Do, father, do," she urged, her thin brown limbs trembling with anxiety and with the sense of her own readiness to move unless he would consent.

"Sell it to—quick, quick!" she said feverishly. She knew that she was cruel and ungrateful, but she persisted in her cruelty and yielded.

Her father, in despair, yielded.

It seemed to him as if he were cutting the throat of a friend when he approached the tree to cut it down. He had called in one of his fellow-artisans, and he had called in one too heavy for one man. With difficulty it was forced through the narrow, low door and down the steep stair, his leaves brushing the walls with a sighing sound, and its earthen jar grinding on the stone of the steps. Liza watched it go without a sign, without a tear. Her eyes were dry and shining; her little body was quivering; her face was red and pale in quick uneven changes.

"It goes where it will be better than to it," said Fringuello, in a vague apology to him, as he lifted it out of the entrance of the house.

He had sold it to a gardener in a villa near at hand.

"Oh, yes, it will be better off," he said, feverishly, in the doubtful yet aggressive tone of one who says that which he knows is not true. "With rich people instead of poor; out in a fine garden half the year, and in a beautiful airy wooden house all winter. Oh, yes, it will be much better off. Now it has grown so big it is choked where it stood in my little place; no light, no air, no sun, nothing which it wanted. It will be much better off where it goes; it will have rich earth and every sort of care."

"It has done well enough with you," said his comrade, carelessly, as he helped to shove the vase on the hand cart.

"Yes, yes," said Fringuello, impatiently; "but it will do better where it goes. It has grown too big for a room. It would starve with me."

"Well, it is your own business," said the other man.

"Yes, it is his own business," said the neighbors, who were standing to see it borne away as if it were some rare specter. "But the tree was always there; and the money you will get will go," they added in their collective wisdom.

He took up the basket of the little vase and placed the yoke of cord over his shoulder

lavender was growing. The scroicarian led them to a spot by the western wall where there were three rude crosses made of unworked sticks called across one another. The lavender was growing among the clouds of sun-baked yellow clay; the high white wall rose behind the crosses; the sun beat down on the place; the scroicarian was nothing else. The scroicarian motioned to the cross nearest to the wall, and then went back to the church, being in haste, as it was late for matins. Liza stood by the two poorer matins sticks, and to his memory the two which were all that marked the grave of Cecco.

Her father, uncovering his head, fell on his knees.

"The child's face was illuminated with a strange and holy rapture. She kissed the lemon bough which she held in her hand, and then laid it gently down upon the grass and lay under the wall.

"I have remembered, dear," she said softly, and knelt on the ground and joined her hands in prayer. Then the weakness of her body overcame the strength of her spirit; she leaned forward and fell. Her young face was bowed over the yellow grass.

"I came to live with you," she said under her breath, and then her lips parted widely with a choking gasp, and in a few minutes she was dead. They laid her in the clay and the sand and the tussocks of grass, and her father went back alone to his native place and to his memory the two poorer matins sticks on the river bank a man said to him: "It is odd, but that lemon tree which you sold to my master never did well; it died within the week—a fine, strong, fresh young tree, and here it is, all the worms at its roots, think you, or did the change to the open air kill it?"

Fringuello, who had always had a sore, wild, dazed look on his face since he returned from the marsh coast, looked at the speaker stupidly, not with any wonder, but like one who hears what he has long known but only imperfectly understood.

"It knew Liza was dead," he said simply, and then thrust his spade into the sand and dug.

He would never smile nor sing any more, nor any more know any joy of life; but he still worked on from that habit which is the tyrant and the savior of the poor.

[THE END.]

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The boll worm is still devastating Southern cotton fields.

The celebration opened in San Diego, Cal., yesterday.

Heavy washouts have occurred on the Mexican Central Railway.

The National Division Sons of Temperance is in session in New York City.

Turkey is negotiating with an English, German and Dutch syndicate for a loan of \$5,000,000.

Prince de Joinville's chateau at Chantilly, France, was raided by burglars Tuesday night.

The Minneapolis World's Fair Auxiliary has voted in favor of keeping the Fair open on Sunday.

One of the men who robbed the Snipes & Co. bank at Roslyn, Wash., was captured Tuesday night.

Twelve persons have died at Angoulême, France, after eating what they supposed to be mushrooms.

A large force of Creek Indians from the British possessions are terrorizing settlers around Silver Bow, Mont.

Robert G. Ingersoll and Henry George will manage the National Real Estate Convention in October.

Commander in Chief Weisner, of the G. A. R., was tendered an ovation on his return to his home city, Allentown.

A Portuguese launch at Mozambique was wrecked recently, and all but one of its eight occupants were drowned.

Two Indian assassins, William Carlett and Henry Gerford, while hunting in a canon, were killed by mountain lions.

Terra cotta of a rich shade has been chosen as a background for the decorations in Chicago during the dedicatory exercises.

There is every probability that the differences between the Missouri Pacific and the telegraphers employed will be amicably settled.

Northern Grand Army men visiting Richmond adopted a resolution of thanks for the hospitality accorded them by the Confederates.

Conway's mountaineering party, now in the Hindu Kush, has ascended the peak of 10,000 feet high. This is 1,000 feet higher than any recorded climb.

One hundred and sixty persons have been arrested at Palermo and its environs, suspected of being members of a conspiracy to waylay travelers.

Simonea, a prominent Progressive member of the Serbian Chamber of Deputies, has been murdered. The Mayor of Kraljevo has been arrested on charges of complicity in the murder.

Sir Gilbert Campbell and five other aristocratic Englishmen have been convicted in London of conspiracy and fraud by means of bogus literary and scientific societies.

The British sealers Oscar and Hattie, Mohican, Atta Gland and Heorietta, seized by the U.S. cutter Albatross, have been sent to Sitka for evading the revenue.

The body of George Bruce Mitchell, a hardware merchant of St. Louis, was found floating in the Mississippi River near Perth, Ont. He had been murdered.

The dwelling of Samuel Adkinson, near Toronto, Kan., was destroyed by fire Tuesday night. Mr. and Mrs. Adkinson and their two children were killed. The house burned to the ground.

In celebration of the birth of his daughter, Emperor William has issued an order to pardon all women in German jails under sentence for first offenses for crime attributed to distress or anger.

The new Mexican customs tariff will be published in a few days. It is understood that it will reduce the duties on crude materials, increase the duties on machinery, and maintain inter-State taxes.

The rolling stock, etc., of the United States Rolling Stock Company, at Anniston, Ala., has been sold to George V. Hixson, General Manager of the same company, State Car Company, who bought for his company.

The Lake Anzeline iron mine management, employing 500 men, will begin eight-hour shifts October 1 voluntarily. The movement will revolutionize relations between capital and labor in the Lake Superior mining district.

Despite the denial from London that a British man-of-war had been sent to Siberia to secure the release of the Canadian sealers now supposed to be held prisoners there by the Russians, Hon. C. H. Tupper, Canadian Minister of Marine, says the man-of-war is now on her way.

The action of Governor Schultz, Manitoba, in refusing to sign an order in council passed by the Governor of Ontario, regarding a new survey of Winnipeg land, is creating serious trouble. The Governor's action is alleged to be due to the fact that he is financially interested in the property to be surveyed.

Young English-looking Harry Camp was arrested in Chicago yesterday at the post office of a revolver by two policemen while attempting to pass a supposed diamond swindle. Camp, the police claim, is the man who a few months ago succeeded in swindling a number of dealers in Detroit out of \$3,000 by means of bogus gems.

A large number of letters, including postal money orders, mailed by officers and men attached to the Canadian Mediterranean squadron to relatives at home, were recently stolen at Constantinople, where the money orders were cashed by a local banking firm. Lord Rosebery, the British Foreign Secretary, is pressing the Turkish Government to assist in recovering the stolen orders.

The Bartlett Warm Air Furnaces and wrought steel ranges, the "Jewett" gas ranges and boilers are on exhibition at the Exposition. Don't fail to see them there, at Nos. 200 and 202 Wood street.

A NEW TORPEDO BOAT.

The First of Its Kind Ever Constructed in Interior Waters.

SHE MUST FLY THROUGH WATER.

A Lesson Taught to the Heart of This Great Country.

TERMS UNDER WHICH SHE WAS BUILT.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—Another novelty in the construction of our steel navy will very soon be furnished by the launch of a mate to the Cushing at the Iowa Iron Works. This is the first of the new vessels built in interior waters, and its successful completion ought to open the eyes of Congressmen in the Mississippi Valley to the fact that their constituents and neighbors may have a local as well as a national interest in naval construction and seaboard defense.

Of this little craft Secretary Tracy has said that it "represents a new and important step in the development of the resources of this country for purposes of naval shipbuilding. Hitherto this work has been done almost wholly on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. Many rolling mills and shops in the interior, especially in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, have performed a share of the work, but the shipbuilding has been done on the coast. The construction of a torpedo boat on the upper Mississippi, however, opens up great possibilities for development in this direction in the heart of the country." The launch of Torpedo Boat No. 2 before the next session of Congress will enforce this lesson.

The Conditions Improved.

The act of June 30, 1890, authorized the construction of a steel torpedo boat, to cost, for hull and machinery, not more than \$125,000, and to have a guaranteed speed of 24 knots. The vessel made in this latter respect is shown by the fact that the speed required of the Cushing was only 22 knots. On her trial trip she actually developed about 25½ knots, and she exceeded 24 knots. The vessel made in this latter respect is shown by the fact that the speed required of the Cushing was only 22 knots. On her trial trip she actually developed about 25½ knots, and she exceeded 24 knots. The vessel made in this latter respect is shown by the fact that the speed required of the Cushing was only 22 knots. On her trial trip she actually developed about 25½ knots, and she exceeded 24 knots.

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THAT you can get a better Suit at your tailor's than you can buy of us.

You can get a dearer one—not a better one.

Being measured by your tailor does not add *virtue* to cloth or *beauty* to pattern.

A Suit or Overcoat of ours, fitting you *perfectly*, is full of *good evidence* of a fit as your tailor's assurance that he can fit you.

The marks of perfect tailoring are so predominant in our clothing that the difference is never discovered that the garment was not made directly for you.

The difference is known to the wearer—and *greatly appreciated*, too—in the fact that the cost was one-third to one-half less than the order transaction would have cost.

Come to us for demonstration.

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1 case fine Plaid and Striped Muslins, sold past at 78c and 20c, closing sale price,
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CHILDREN'S MULL CAPS.
Slightly soiled, regular price \$1.25 to \$2, unloading sale price,
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Extra Bargains in Dress Trimmings.
Extra Bargains in Hosiery.
Extra Bargains in Underwear.
Extra Bargains in Gloves.
Extra Bargains in Every Department.

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Successor to John P. Knable & Co.,
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By special arrangement with the importer we are enabled to place on sale this week a large purchase of these far-famed Cooking Utensils, divided in two great lots. Many articles 25c to 75c less than usual price.

AT 49 CENTS EACH Large Saucepans with cover, Fry Pans, Pudding Pans, Milk Pans, Stew Pots, Wash Basins, Tea and Coffee Pots.

AT 70 CENTS EACH Coffee and Tea Pots, 3, 4 and 5 quarts; Tea Kettles, Oatmeal Boilers, Dish Pans, Sauce Pots, with covers; Stew Pans, with covers; extra large Sauce Pans, with covers; Preserving Kettles, with covers.

WHITE GOODS.

1 case fine Plaid and Striped Muslins, sold past at 78c and 20c, closing sale price,
8 1-3c a Yard.

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Genuine Rogers' best plated Knives and Forks, strictly first, per set of 6 knives and 6 forks..... **\$ 3.15**
Genuine Rogers' A1 plated Table Spoons, strictly first, per set, 6 in set..... **\$ 1.98**
Genuine Rogers' A1 plate Tea Spoons, strictly first, per set, 6 in set..... **.98**
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Genuine Rogers' German Silver Table Spoons..... **.95**
Triple-plated Tea Set, comprising Sugar Bowl, Creamer and Spoonholder, satin finish, nicely engraved and gilded..... **\$3.98**
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Hall Lamps, solid brass with colored globes, large burners..... **\$ 1.75**
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You can eat these cakes until you bust.

The people seem to be trying to prove the truth of the above little plea-antry. They are eating so many of the new

TARIFF REFORM CAKES

That we can scarcely supply the demand. That's not to be wondered at, however, for they are the finest, the finest in the land, and whether you are a Tariff Reformer or not, you can't do better than to get a pound from your grocer.

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180 FIRST AVENUE,
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Who will be our next President?
What will be his Popular Vote?

In 1888 Cleveland received 5,539,764, and Harrison 5,445,003 popular votes.

So to the fifty persons making the best guesses, we will give

50 GOLD WATCHES

The guess nearest correct will receive a Solid Gold Watch, or if preferred, five \$40.00 Gold Pieces. The next nearest 40 guesses will each receive a fine Rolled Gold Watch with Waltham or Elgin movement, seven jewels, stem winder and setler.

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To entitle you to a guess you must get two families (who do not use He-No Tea) to faithfully promise you that they will try

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Write their names and addresses plainly on a postal card, then the name of Cleveland or Harrison, and the number of votes you think he will get. Sign your name and address at the bottom. It will be advisable to send in your guess early. In the event of ties, the first guess received will get the prize. No guess received after Nov. 1st, 1892. It will only cost you one postal card to make a guess, and there will be fifty winners. You may be one of them.

Persons not familiar with the remarkable good quality of He-No Tea will please send us their names and addresses on a postal card, and we will mail them an interesting little book, also a package of He-No Tea free.

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